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Gadgie 34

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NOW THEN GADGIE

2016 has been, well, a pretty bizarre and troubling year in terms of world events and politics, not to mention the catalogue of famous folk jumping off this mortal coil at an alarming pace. It has however, been notable to me as the year in which, by jove, I've seen some right good gigs by bands I never thought I'd ever see. Not in a million years. If you'd have drawn up a list of the bands I managed to see this year at the end of 2015 and shown me it, I'd have suggested you were a strangely visited bounder who was most certainly having me on. Yet there was I was on a cool spring evening at the Brudenell in Leeds being entertained by Antipodean legends Radio Birdman! The original members looked older than my Mam and Dad, but when Cooter leaned over to me and said, with a wry grin across his chops, "Whaddya reckon to 'em" three songs in, I had to nod and

smile back "They're alright aren't they?" They were it was a belter. When the guitarist announced summat like "The last time we played Leeds was in 1975!" he was pointing out what a rare opportunity this was.

Next up, I get a message from Oeb in Amsterdam just before the six week summer holidays roll around: Flag - the Black Flag reunion it's OK to like apparently according to the internet - are playing the Melkweg in a fortnight with TSOL and the Adolescents. Would I fancy it? Off to the travel agents and I'm flying to the 'dam two weeks later for a belting evening of boozing and partying like it's 1981. Adolescents are clearly not adolescents any more but mix new Bad Religionish material with the classics from that incredible first LP. TSOL are hilarious. Grisham coming across like Alec Baldwin fronting a punk band and loving every minute of it. Flag were searingly intense and Keith looks the most terrifying man I've ever seen. The flight home was livened up by a terrorist scare and some bellen trying his hardest to impress two German lasses. I

just read Viz and drank coffee. It didn't end there though! The wonderful Temple of Boom in Leeds not only put on Siege - yes Siege! - and Drop Dead on the same ruddy bill, but also the mighty and legendary Infest a few weeks later at a gig where tickets sold out in eight seconds such was the excitement. Siege and Drop Dead were great but Infest, my word, I've never seen owt like it in all my born days. Total mayhem. Follow that 2017!

IQHC NEWS

The IQ is no more ... again ... but this time it's terminal. What was once the HQ of Lincolnshire punk is now a swish up market cocktail bar that will no doubt want no talk of raw Finnish thrash and face melting thrash bands ...

So what has Boston got to offer nowadays to the discerning punk rocker? You could call in at Voodoo tattoo and piercing and come to my house for a cuppa ...

WOLFEAST DESTROYER are still flying the fenzpunk flag and have been re-invigorated with a new lease of life since Dan from Burning the Prospect was drafted in on vocals. A new recording will surface soon and

Page | 3

if you look carefully you'll maybe catch them in a mosh pit near you soon.



Over in the Fenland outposts of Timberland and Martin (honest they are both real places) there are otherworldly noises emanating from a new beat combo known as **TRUTH EQUALS TREASON**. Glen and Jam have been mates with the Apes of IQHC for yonks and their new outfit have been rocking and rolling locally for a good few months now. They only have a ruddy five track CD out 'n all! They play rough and ready anarcho punk with a street punk type vibe to it. Anarchoi? Look out for 'em shouting at you soon.



The Cauliflower Brothers

Growing up you are constantly told by adults - be they parents, aunties, uncles, grandma, granddad - how to behave. What to do and what not to do. Manners and all that carry on. Stuff that as a bairn you have little time for.

"Take your elbows off the table!"

"Why?"

"cos it's rude and don't question me!"

Incoming clout round the lug hole ... Thwack!

"No you can't go out and play with that lad of Burns's!"

"Orrr Mam, why not?"

"Last time you did he had a poo on someone's driveway"

"Ah, OK Mam."

"Everyone else is going ova t' field for a game of togger Dad!"

Why can't we?"

"We are all going for a family walk up the woods, I'm not leaving you alone with that lot"

"I hate the woods. I wanna play footer."

"Tough! Yer going with us so give it a rest."

An hour later from a high on a hill vantage point that looks

Page | 4

over the moors, woods and whole town ...

"Hey look you can see all your mates playing footy from here look!"

"Hmph" and other sulking sounds follow.

Seeing adults who we were lead to believe were "old enough to know better" losing their shit then, was something of a treat to behold as a nipper. In to the Gadgie Time Machine we step and once more head back through the swirly whirly mists of time ... our first stop is the early 1980s and the height of a long, lazy, everlasting summer holiday. Liv's house over the road has one of those garden spray things that sits in the middle of the lawn and waters the plants and whatnot by moving back and forth sending water cascading everywhere. Everywhere, in this case included, every ten seconds a shower of fine mizzly droplets on the pavement by their house. Of course this meant shirts off and jump about and run in and out of it getting wet, screaming and getting far more excited than, let's be honest this scenario, really deserves. The wild eyed freedom granted by

six weeks of school that felt like six months, the searing temperatures and the fact that we could get wet however, gave us all an untamed and feral sensation that was contagious. Kids from all over our end would appear on their bikes, drop their trusty steeds of steel and cavort about in the blazing sunshine and dampening delights! There's always some



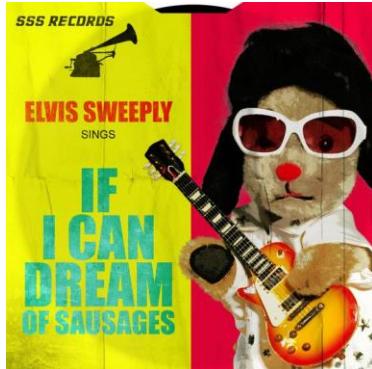
bugger will turn up and ruin it though isn't there? In this case it was our sworn enemies the Cauliflower Brothers. To this very day, I have no recollection as to why me and our lad (Simbad - my co-star in many a misdemeanour and merry misadventure) didn't get on with this pair of brothers who's house sat directly behind ours. Our back gardens backed on to each other and when it snowed we would yog snowies over the fence at them while they built a snowman. We had a snowball

fight come proper fight with 'em one wintery night and their Mam came out and grabbed hold of Fazzer who shouted "Underpants!" and ran away as we all unleashed a hail of snowballs at her and her wretched whiney little shits. We couldn't even play footy over the field or in the streets with 'em without some brutal attempt at a tackle turning in to a paggering. They didn't go to our school either. No, they went to a posh one I reckon. And the little curly haired bastards wore aaron jumpers with polar necks. And shoes. All the time. No trainers or monkey boots for these wankers. You wouldn't find them climbing trees and making dens and they never played out on bikes but probably just went on nice bike rides and shit. We absolutely hated each other. Even more than the despicable Charlie Beefburger Jumper but that's another story you've probably heard before ... maybe it's summat to do with objectionable jumpers? Honestly. I'm over it now. Can you tell? The one time it all came to a head however, on that blisteringly hot day under Liv's Dad's hose pipe things sprinkly shower machine is a tale that

even our Dad likes to retell when we all gather round the fire at Christmas time ...

Everyone was having fun as I stated earlier. Enter the Cauliflowers and their mood hoover ways. They were wearing chords so it was obvious straight away it was gonna kick off. Sneering like wretched little kids who tell the teacher that you said a bad word and get you done when you are seven they took in the view and said something along the lines of "You lot call that having fun? Can't you afford a real shower? Crap sackys on you lot." Nowadays, everyone, even sackys, have a shower, but back then investing in a shower unit in ones bathroom was the height of sophistication. If it was a power shower then even better. Folks would come round your house to have a look and yer Dad would run the taps to show everyone how "powerful" the power in the shower was. We didn't have a shower. I bet those two little fuckers did though and didn't they like to tell everyone. They probably delighted in describing their holiday in Spain or Greece to us lot that had recently returned from a caravan in Scarborough

and at school I bet they wrote in pen not pencil and I bet they got out of the bath to fart. I hated them.



As I always seem to, I began mouthing off at the eldest Cauliflower. Encouraged by the gang of street urchins I numbered amongst the ranks of my friends and our Simbad a most childish argument erupted as I countered with "We don't need a shower anyway. Not like your Mam who needs a shower every ten minutes 'cos she stinks of poo and wee" or something equally devastating. Not happy with my retort the eldest Cauliflower sibling countered with something else but rather than continue the stream of sparkling wit I simply smacked the bell ender one and kicked his bike. He ran off crying as everyone cheered and went back to raving about in the showery shenanigans. As any

soft aaron jumper wearer would, he ran off crying and fetched his Dad. His Dad had a right go at me that went something like this:

"Which was one was it son?"

"Him there. It was him Dad"

What this one? You let this little prawn bully you?"

Ha ha! Even his fatha was having a go at him being a soft lad. I'd love to tell you that I walloped his Dad one but instead I started copying everything he said much to the delight of the assembled mob of my feral friends who joined in and did the same. Incredibly childish of course but very funny as it drove Mr Cauliflower ever more incandescent with rage His dad went ape and got dead irate and then stomped off followed by his two sons after threatening to smack me one if I hit his 'orrible offspring again while everyone shouted back at him exactly what he had rantled at me with.

Now our Dad, when he heard this tale of threatening nine year old kids and calling 'em prawns was not impressed and heroically went round the corner, followed by every kid from our end cheering him on, and told Mr Cauliflower that if

he wanted to pick a scrap then do it with him and neither of his nor anyone else from our streets kids. Mr Cauliflower kacked his yakkers and went home with his tail between his legs! Get in there Dad! Victory for the Guisborough Wild Kids! It's not often you see our Dad lose his rag in public but when we were little scamps it was regular occurrence when Auntie Debbie blew her top at some unsuspecting (or quite frankly deserving in most cases) member of the public. She was, it has to be said pretty firey ...

Gadgie Time Travelling Time once more folks! We have jumped forward a few years to the tail end of the 1980s. Me and Simbad are wandering down street to see Grandma and Grandad as our Auntie is visiting with our army of unruly cousins from York. Stopping to check out the cheap ZX Spectrum games on the market stall, like Jason's Gem or Agent X, and no doubt bagging some spogs we arrived at our Grandparents to be greeted by our wild cousins and a right carry on ensued. A trip to Great Ayton was on and we were invited! Great Ayton - the boyhood home of Captain Cook you know - is a pleasant

little village a few miles away from the barbarous outpost known as Guisborough and our Grandparents are frequent visitors. Grandma likes the butchers there as they do wazzle pork pies apparently, there's a belting ice cream shop, a weak beaut waterfall with all ducks and shit and Grandad is most enamoured with the Royal Oak, a fine drinking establishment in the village centre. Pies, ice creams, duck viewing and shopping done, our convoy of chaos headed to the pub. With five or six bairns aged between 3 and 14(ish) it was never gonna end well. The elders supped their pints, me and Simbad as the more ahem "grown up" of the brood had fizzy pop and crisps while our younger cousins went berserk chewing about and shouting and acting up, something I believe to this very day that they've never really stopped doing.

Noisy charvers in a pub is obviously not to every buggers taste like and it wasn't long before some lady from another room where food was being served decided to have a word with Auntie Debbie. Oh lordy.

"Excuse me, are these your children?"

"Yes. Yes they are, what's it gotta do with you like?"

"Well, it's very rude you know, you can hear them through there in the other room where people are eating."

"You what? Rude! Fuck off! Go on fuck off! There's nowt wrong with my kids having a bit of fun! Who the fuck do you think you are you stupid old bat? At least my kids are behaving like normal kids! I bet your kids aren't normal are they? I bet they're fucking freaks! So fuck off! Go on! Fuck off!"

Auntie Debbie has always been something of a role model to me and Simbad ever since that wonderful display of shouting at people.



Obligatory Debbie Harry picture



BEHOLD! THE CHAOS PINT

"Fucking 'ell Marv, yer can tell we're in that London. A bastard tenner for a coupla' bloody pints!" Although myself and Dan most certainly had a mighty fine time in London last summer when we combined a barnstorming Los Crudos gig at T Chances in the evening, with a full day of ale consumption and bar stool philosophising as we sampled the wares of many of our capital cities a hostelryes,

taverns and inns.

Conversation varied as you'd imagine but it did give me the opportunity to regale my comrade with my theory of "The Chaos Pint".

Let's be frank, we've all done it. Drinking on the wrong night. You aren't planning to but for some strange contrivance of opportunities and events you end up having a sup.

"I'll only have a couple."

"Oh go on then one more."

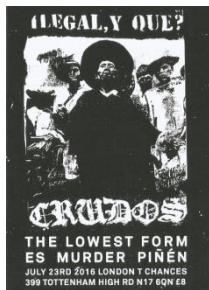
"Nah, I'm at work in the morning."

"Right, one more but then I'm going."

"Look I really do have to go after this one."

"I love you ... your my besht mate in the whole ... *hic* ... world ..."

A wild night in Harrogate with I Adapt and a crate of cans ... a misadventure involving Jamie from Panic, The Groovie Ghoulies in Derby and far too much Newcastle Brown ... deciding a whole bottle of Southern Comfort was within "my limits" ... I have my fair share of booze fuelled mayhem tales but it was the idea of a "Chaos Pint" that I stumbled upon one evening whilst on a relatively quiet night at that most civilised of settings recently: The Railway Inn Quiz Night. Mid week - Wednesday to be precise - the quiz is a very grown up, friendly and pleasant



place to be and three pints is quite enough before the short walk home beckons thank you very much. I reckon that is what I would define as a "social sup". Three. Strictly. No more. After three you are risking it. We are in the realms of "anything can happen" and in my case it often does. I'll wake up the next day and feel right as rain after a quiet three. A fourth pint however and I'll know I've had it. A fifth, well, I may even feel a bit peculiar but down a sixth and things get weird. You see, for me, after years and years of drinking experience, I am fully aware that if I am "in drink" it is that sixth pint. That my friend is the fabled Chaos Pint. The pint where funny things start to happen. Where behaviour is not always as reliable as I'd like it to be. It's that pint that you shouldn't have if you don't want the consequences of what may, and often does, happen. Stop at five! Stop! Go home now! I never listen though ... not even to myself ...

I was discussing this theory of which I had concocted with Mrs Gadgie one evening whilst ploughing through a pile of records and a pot of

coffee in the Thrash Dungeon of Gadgie Towers. Lo and behold and as if by magic, the next programme my beloved wife chose to watch on the telly (instead of listening to Drop Dead, Short Hate Temper and erm, Sleaford Mods with me) echoed my theory to the letter! 'Twas some history series for clever folk like, and not the usual stuff I would clog up the SKY Plus with, and explained how in Ancient Greece well heeled folk would gather for and host their own "symposiums" or in modern parlance "drinking parties" which basically involved having all your mates around to cavort about with women and drink as much wine as was humanly possible. Eubulus, a playwright of the time wrote of preparing "kraters" for such frivolities. Kraters were big trays full of wine and you could tell the character of a man, as well as, more pertinently to my theory, his behaviour, by how many of these kraters he would polish off.

The first tray of wine represented **Health**, the second **Love** and the third **Sleep**. Now, you'd imagine that after three "trays" of wine you would be feeling pretty healthy, probably

in love with someone and, ahem, maybe even a little amorous - nudge nudge - so Sleep is the obvious consequence. Any sensible person would of course, draw a line under the evening now, and indeed, head for home, bed and Sleep. Any sensible person that is. We all know that when all the sensible folks head for bed, well, that's when it all kicks off isn't it? The fourth krater represented **Hubris**, which is also, it appears, derived from an ancient Greek term and refers to extreme or foolish pride. Sound familiar? You know after that fourth pint goes down and you decide with your mates that you are to undertake some epic quest? This is the point where your ideas usually reach further than your actions. I once read a fanzine back in the days before the internet and chanced upon an interview with a band I was rather fond of and good friends with. In the final question that, tradition dictates in zineland, was something like "What's next for the band?" the front woman stated that their next release was to be a split 7" with Urko that I was putting out on Gadgie Records! That was a fourth pint promise if ever I heard one.

The fifth pint, erm, krater I mean, was one of my favourites. If you were to return to the bar for a fifth, it would lead to something at which I excel at even without the aid of alcohol. Yes, after the fifth pint you would be inclined to indulge in **Shouting!** Who'd have thought it? Shouting! I know! It's like those Ancient Greeks were talking to me personally. My contribution to the drive back home from a raucous gig in Manchester in the Wolfbeast Destroyer-mobile was summed up by DTL a week later when he told me "You were well funny Marv, you spent ten minutes shouting at people and then slept all the way back to Boston." Must've been a five pinter. A recent visit to Nottingham, where me and Soft Lad Dan, found ourselves stood amongst a very polite and quiet assembly of music fans watching a dreamy, atmospheric and dare I suggest "emotive" band lead by a singing guitar wielding young lady. Her vocals were getting towards what I believe gets called "ethereal" and it was all nice and stuff. The local Offy however, had received us with open arms earlier that evening and as it was Dan's turn

to drive I had treated myself to four cans of shouting fuel. They'd all gone before the nice band played and after a song I was feeling the urge to be loud rising - though I probably did have my volume turned up already it has to be said. Polite applause rippled around JT Soar's cramped and cosy environs. Then silence. Dan looked at me and his face had a pleading look to it. "You had that look on your face Marv. I've seen it before." My seemingly charming habit of shouting things, often at not really appropriate moments however, did not manifest itself! Only four cans under I hadn't reached the fifth pint of shoutage!

Pint six then. The Chaos Pint! No turning back after this one. No calling it a night and heading to bed all sensible and what have you. Nope. Not content with mere **Shouting** on your fifth The sixth drink would, according to those sandaled fellows of Ancient Greece, usher in a bout of **Rudeness and Insults!** Well, if you have ever been to a gig in Boston, especially during the glory days of Ape City at the Indian Queen, you will no doubt

have encountered a number of "six pinters" exhibiting their "sixth pint" behaviour. "Exhibiting" is probably the best word to describe the actions of many denizens of the IQ during its rowdy heyday. Jason, son of the landlord and landlady, was a fine example of being in a bit of a six pint state when Atilla The Stockbroker turned up one night and had to endure Jase shouting "Get yer cock out" in between every song or poetic performance. Jase got done off his Mam though and his behaviour became (marginally) better. I fear I had imbibed six pints one night when some local lass and her group of mates all tried to blag in to a gig which was a fiver on the door.

"Honestly, a band from Sweden are going on last after another touring band from the Netherlands and you can't be arsed to "support the scene" by paying in?"

"Fuck off Marv! It's me birthday! And I work here! Just let us all in!"

"If you work here you should know better then. You know what it's like, we have to pay touring bands from Sweden and the Netherlands. Your fucking

birthday won't pay their flights will it?"

"Fuck this then, we're off somewhere else. Yer out of order Marv!"

... and they left. Well, until her boyfriend came back and suggested he wasn't too happy about his entitled group not being allowed in.

"I'm not happy with you Marv."

"Oh really?"

"Yeah, you've really upset my girlfriend."

"So, I don't care. I don't care who I upset. I'll upset you in a minute."

DTL and I once had four tins of lager in the Gadgie Towers Thrash Parlour, while listening to Rancid and Phobia, before sampling two bottles of my infamous homebrew, known locally as "Arse Destroyer". In the end, DTL had to go home as he had forgotten who he was. You can't beat that sixth pint! **THE CHAOS PINT!** It's when social niceties go out the window, or to put it another way, my tolerance for nob heads goes, not just out of the window, but through the bloody window. I never really go in for

fisticuffs myself so seeing that the Ancient Greeks saw drink number seven as the root cause of **Fighting** I'm at a loss to give you an anecdote of my own. More like running away. Pegging it from the dodgy footy hooligans and sieg heil-ing bell ends in Bradford once when me and Luke (The White Cider Warrior ... again) were accosted with shouts and derisory insults - they had clearly had at least six pints and were ploughing enthusiastically in to their seventh I assume - and legged it to the 1in12 Club. Maybe the seventh pint could also represent letting off fireworks from between your arse cheeks? This also brings to mind an incident that involved the street outside the 1in12 Club and our old friend Luke The White Cider Warrior ... you can still find it on Youtube if you know where to look.

Eight pints in now and things are getting boisterous. Rowdy punks and Ancient Greeks alike will be at the stage of the evening where someone decides that **Breaking Furniture** is the way forward, and as usual I have some well documented evidence of eight pint related shenanigans. Hard to believe

nowadays, but back in the dark and distance past that is the 1990s, Wisbech, a small market town over the Fenland border in Cambridgeshire, was a veritable hotbed of proper Punk Rock. Mel and Sonny from Combat Shock infamy - their emo baiting set in Boston, going on straight after local emoters The Third Estate, has gone down in legend round these parts - used to entice all manner of spiky haired luminaries to their outpost of mayhem and all manner of pandemonium would ensue. One particular myself and Luke The White Cider Warrior - yep, him again, are you spotting a theme here? - ventured to the Bowling Green to see The Casualties ably assisted by The Varukers. Well, what else is there to do on a Sunday night? Rat and co were great and The Casualties took to the stage, probably wondering what on earth they had let themselves in for and how they had ended up in the middle of nowhere on a Sunday evening playing to about 50 or 60 swivel eyed loons like us. Who had all probably had at least eight pints of **Furniture Breaking** juice. Luke had most certainly, as was customary

back then, had at least eight pints when he decided that he would stage dive in to the pit of about seven or eight spikes and studs and bullet belts and biker boots punks who were bopping away to the New York Mohawks. Unfortunately for him he decided to "stage dive" not off the stage itself, but off a table that until then was mere innocent bystander. As he launched himself, in all his eight pint glory, the four legs of the table capitulated outwards and the doomed desk was flattened in a flurry of flailing limbs and splinters! Punk Rock!

The ninth and tenth pint, aah, the ninth and tenth tipples ... my own personal "nine and ten" tales have lead to been woken up by our lad whilst laid out stark naked on the bathroom floor, pods out and everything, the infamous "floating boobs" incident in a hot tub and inviting about ten or eleven punks, including an Icelandic band and Russ Schnell back to my house, and waking up the next day as they all made toast and coffee and not knowing anything about how they got there or indeed even meeting them the night before. I fear that was a fifteen pint

episode but hey, enough about me. They were said by good old Eubulus to represent firstly **Depression** and then finally, the descent in to **Madness and Unconsciousness** with the tenth and I think as I write this on New Years Day 2017 a large number of my friends and acquaintances will be looking back, or trying to look back at what capers and chaos they involved themselves with last night with a hint of misery and regret that will no doubt lead to self improvement promises and "Dry January" resolutions that last until next weekend. I suggested to Mrs Gadgie that talking about concepts like Madness and Depression are not exactly light hearted and maybe it wouldn't be appropriate to do so in this here scroll. She suggested sagely that "Your readership will understand. They're all nice and sensible folk aren't they? Well, they are until they've had the sixth pint!"

MARV A LIKE OF THE ISSUE

Friday afternoon at work. The bell has gone. I nip back to the staff room to drop my keys off and then that's it! The weekend! Footy! Beer! Pizza! Punk Rock! Match of the Day

Page | 15

and everything. As I looked to escape a colleague of mine, who I often share a love of old black and white film and silver screen



actors and actresses with, informed me that it had just recently occurred to her that I was a dead ringer for one such fellow: **Stewart Grainger**.

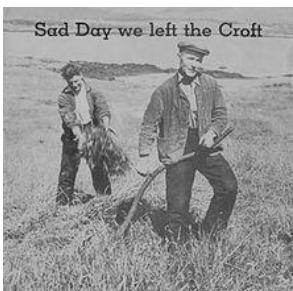
Well, I'll be! If I hadn't just watched classic Victorian melodrama "Footsteps in the Fog" the previous weekend with dastardly Stew trying to bump off his missus and the generally being an all round sinister chap. Fancy that eh?

LOST CLASSICS FROM THE PUNK ROCK WARS

"The Day We Left The Croft" LP

The BBC iplayer is a strange place to get yer punk rock kicks but that is exactly where said kicks were derived one quiet Sunday night in Gadie Towers. Waiting for

the
Italian
footer
to come
on I
took to
scrolling
through
the telly



listings to check if owt good was on the televisual horizon. No, there wasn't a single zombie film or Top of the Pops rerun featuring Blondie in the foreseeable future so I took to the search function. Typing in "zombie" didn't bring much of interest that I hadn't already seen, so I had a go on "Blondie". Again, a few select titbits of Debbie-ness but nowt new. "Punk" was next to go in as I contemplated how my life on a Sunday evening had come to this ... the usual results, four hours

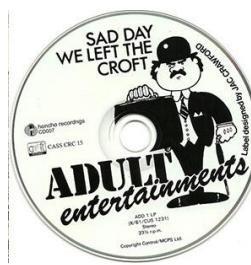
of "classic" pop punk on one of the music channels and the like, but hello, what's this on the iplayer being offered by BBC Alba, the Gaelic Scottish Channel? A short tale, in Gaelic, of a long lost punk record from the Outer Hebrides? You're joking aren't yer? Nope, there it was, my lazy, procrastinating, have you not got anything better to do(?) activity had come up (subtitled) trumps! I live for this shit. As a devotee of this wonderful world we call Punk Rock, I have amassed a collection of the usual stuff to the point where there's not too much left to bag from the punk sections of record stalls and emporiums. Everyone knows a record collection is never complete though and once you've had yer fill of GBH, Pistols, Clash, Damned, Dead Kennedys, Circle Jerks, Crass, Conflict, Subhumans and Buzzcocks records it's time to dig a little deeper and explore the Lost Classics of the Punk Rock Wars ... those bands and records from yesteryear who in their time were probably the talk of their town for a heady few months. They would no doubt have had a gang of mates who boisterously followed 'em around the pubs

and town halls of their locale, all of who proudly bought and played their only 7" or demo tape until it stopped playing properly. They would, if there was one, have put the fold out sleeve on their bedroom wall with blu tac. Typically they wouldn't live anywhere near London, Manchester or Birmingham. The bands I'm talking about would come from The Lake District, Swansea, Kings Lynn or some village you've never heard of near a town you've barely heard of. The highlight of their short lived career was when a vaguely less obscure band came to their town and they supported 'em, drinking tins in the car park afterwards with the "stars" and living the dream. Of course, it wouldn't last. One of 'em would leave as he got a job and his Mam made him get his hair cut and dress nice. The singer went on to be in a local metal band who repeated this very same cycle for many years to come but with longer hair and more leather but just as much success. The bass player moved away to pursue a career in accountancy or lion taming or summat and it was over before it began, leaving rose tinted

memories that balding, beer bellied blokes forever wax lyrical about in the pub when a bunch of youngsters in studded jackets and mohwaks come in for a band that are playing upstairs ... "I used to be a punk you know ..." Those bands, those are the ones I love seeking out, those are the bands that keep me coming back for more, scouring the charity shops, car boot sales and eBay for. Well now they've got me scouring the bloody SKY TV listings ...

The programme was great and appeared to be a real labour of love, that someone made simply because they wanted to and they could. A young lass who wanders the bars of The Isle of Lewis armed

with only
an
acoustic
guitar
and a
handful
of songs
was



engaged by a fella at the bar one night who told her a tale ... "I used to be a punk you know ..." There once was a thriving music scene here and loads of punk bands who were all recorded and put out on an LP!

Our young heroine, unplugs her iPod ear buds and delves in to a world of forgotten and obsolete bands that are the epitome of obscure. She had me at "LP". The modern day embracing the old ways, she has the LP on her decks and sits back to take in the sound of Hebridean punk that hasn't seen the light of day since the early 80's by all accounts ... Of course after the program, which was delightfully lo fi and "natural" was over, I fired up the trusty PC and hit the usual searches and tried to score a copy for myself. At first it didn't look good. A bank busting price was splurged out on eBay by someone a while back according to one search and even a reissued CD from the 90's was going for about £40. Not be outdone though, my patience was rewarded and although it's not the now probably impossible vinyl original, a CD reissue on the dubiously monikered "Adult Entertainment" label (complete with extra tracks) was acquired for a much more sensible price. Hitting pay and hoping my bank statement doesn't show a payment of about £12 to "Adult Entertainments" next week I sat back and waited ...

Applying my usual "might it be punk rock" criteria the front cover does not look good. "Sad Day We Left The Croft" doesn't even sound like a complete sentence but that's what it's called! Two gadgies stand in a field, one resplendent in work wear, flat cap and 'tache as he brandishes some archaic scythe type instrument. A younger fella stands behind him with an handful of whatever is being threshed. In black and white. It initially strikes me that this looks more like I'm going to find myself entering a world of freaky trad folk mayhem, all fiddles, hay bales and tin whistles and shit. Wicker Men and everything. No, it certainly doesn't look like what I have on my hands here is a fine piece of opportunistic punk rock archaeology that will be made of blistering, razor sharp punk rock antiques ripe for appraisal.

Flip it over and have a look who's on the bugger is the next obvious task and things look a little more promising. Recorded 1980 is a good omen. Band names like Noise Annoys, The Bland and Dirty Girls scream punk rock as does the deliberately spelt wrong The

Rong. A couple of the bands had been on the TV programme and had a sort of reunion jam in a garage and that certainly wasn't folksy frolics and cum-by-ya carrying on. That was punk rock in a Stiff Little Fingers sort of punk rock way and that's as good a starting point of reference as any. Noise Annoys are quite clearly big fans of Northern Ireland's finest and the spiky opener "Living (In The World Today)" laments that the UK's going down the drain and could have been the b-side to Alternative Ulster. If you thought that was a bit Fingersey the next number, "Union Jack" by The Rong sounds like they actually got Jake Burns over to sing on their contribution! I'm beginning to wonder if this desolate punk outpost in the early 1980's consisted of a bunch of mates who owned just three records between 'em and they were all Stiff Little Fingers but no ... **The Bland** weigh in with a droney horror movie style intro that soon gives way to cold detached Joy Division jollity complete with keyboards and widdly bits.

Branching out in to post punk is one thing, but the

inclusion of **Addo** seems a trifle bizarre as a slow Ziggy-esque drum beat leads us in to a full blown grown up pop ditty! I can't imagine denim clad punks pogoing and getting their safety pins in a twist to this back in the day! If memory serves correct Addo was added to bump up the content on the LP as he was an older and more talented local guitarist who was just happy to see his tunes on vinyl, even if they rubbed shoulders with a bunch of snotty 'erberts playing punk ruddy rock! Punk ruddy rock is certainly the way the record continues and **The Subjects** tense 999 style rumbler is next followed by the dreadfully named **Bruce Wayne Band**'s First Year Fear. If you found this on one of those recently put together Killed By Death sorta UK compilations like the "Raw and Rare" or the wonderful "Bored Teenagers" series you wouldn't "bat" an eye lid. Classic lost UK punk sound that is full of fearful warnings about the future or lack of future. Warhead! Warhead! Warhead! Next up is a very peculiar one. I assume this was an attempt at shocking and naughty lyrics, like those that got The Red Noses

banned by Radio Swansea around the same time (see previous missives from Gadgie Towers) but **Dirty Girls** and their rendition of "Love Or Lust" disguise their "love or lust" for ahem, young girls, behind Eraserhead style punk that's infused with a greasy 50's slick back attack. The song strangely fades out seemingly half way through which leads me to believe that while it was being recorded, someone behind the desk got wind of what they were actually singing and shouted "Quick, bloody turn it off!" It might have been "alright in the 70's" but you may well find yourself sharing a cell with various former Top of the Pops presenters for it these days ... moving on and we have a second helping of most of the bands we've already met. A less SLF kicker from **The Rong** and some ringing dinging new wavey guitar action from **The Bland** are great but then more **Addo!** This time it's like flipping Dire Straits with the emphasis on dire. All oceans of love or some such codswallop! Fortunately **The Subjects** are back with "Coming To Save You" which had me digging in to the darkest recesses of the Gadgie Towers

Thrash Dungeon for old Good Vibrations label bands. Maybe even a bit of Boomtown Rats. The future is heralded by the second **Bruce Wayne Band** innings with a siren of a riff stuttering into a futuristic head ache that is somewhere between Gang of Four and Wire Remember Scars? Chuck them in as well. Back to basics for the closer and **Noise Annoys** "New Heroes" is so SLF-y I thought it was a cover. Even the title is only a few letters away!

On top of that the bonus cuts have more **Noise Annoys** who seem to still love the 'Fingers but have also come across a Dead Kennedys record, alongside **Battery Boys** whose new wavey sounds are even less "heard of" than the bands on the comp, before **The Bland** round it off. These last few tracks must have "been heard of" a bit more as there's a sound bite from John Peel himself tagged on who apparently said he wanted to visit these northern isles after playing one of the tracks from their 7" one night, although heartbreakingly none of the band members heard it at the time!

What we have here is absolute gold in terms of

rooting out the lost, the forgotten and the obscure. A whole bloody album of it that captures the wild spirit of early punk in a far flung place to which London or Manchester must've seemed a long, long way away in those days where young punks had Peel and the pot luck of regional telly as their only access to what was going on. Reading the sleeve notes however reveals very familiar tales ... a gang of mates inspired by the do it yourself, even if you can't, ethos of so many young gun slingers back in those days. Members of **The Rong** starting out as *Velvets/Bowie* acolytes before being swept along with the rising punk tide. One of the band members building their own synthesiser! **Noise Annoys** booking studio time, despite the fact they could barely play and had no songs of their own but "... we'll write something by Tuesday!" Punk Rock.

In to the halls of the Lost Classics of the Punk Rock Wars you go "Sad Day We Left The Croft" If anyone can point me in the direction of a vinyl copy or the **Noise Annoys** "Tomorrow" 7" I would be eternally grateful!

THE THINGS PEOPLE SAY ...

In our youth, me and our lad knew that when Dad was on nights he would be asleep all morning. This meant when we woke up on a morning we sworn silence and not working our father up. Lives depended on it. With the potential carnage that would ensue should us two great apeths be trusted with being quiet and not having a carry on resulting in Dad angrily banging on the floor, our Mam wisely took us out of the danger zone. Down street shopping, round the woods for an epic trek or go and visit Grandparents ... whatever got us as far away from our father's forty winks as is humanly possible. Returning home after one such enforced adventure we found an irritable Dad awake and pouring a coffee. Dad didn't look happy as, it would appear the mad Barry Manilow devotee next door had had a bit of a Bazza session with her record player. Mother braved a question. "You look tired, have you not had much sleep?" The answer was rather entertaining as father spewed forth the classic "*I think that stupid bloody woman had Barry bloody Manilow playing live*

next bloody door!" and that was swearing in them days.

THE THINGS PEOPLE SAY ...

Strange to think nowadays, but back in the days of VHS, where there were video shops on every street corner, hiring a video tape was the absolute peak of home entertainment. For a quid or so you could take home anything from the generally unscrupulous and uninterested in the law youngster who manned the desk at the local Video Rental Emporium. Of course we managed to see our fair share of slashers, monsters, zombies and Chuck Norris films as a result but then things got even better. One Friday night this fella called round and knocked on the door saying he had a car boot full of VHS tapes and would we like to hire any for the weekend? They were a pound a pop or four for three quid and he'd be back on Monday to collect 'em. Why yes. Yes of course Mr Video Man we certainly would! This was even better than the Pop Man! The selection was a bit ropey but I seem to recall we picked dodgy horrors like Puppet Master or

Ghoulies. Our Mam, fancying something a little more to her tastes asked "Have you got a woman's one?" to which the quick witted Video Man suggested "**Not last time I looked!**" Ooh missus! Me and our lad began giggling before Dad clipped the pair of us round the lugholes and chased us in.

THE THINGS PEOPLE SPRAY ...

On long and boring journeys, as you can imagine, I like to spice things up a little with little witty nuggets of humour that never get old. One of my favourite japes is when I see a road sign that has how far two places are from here I, and everyone else who is blessed with my company when heading up or down the motorway, naturally, finds it utterly hilarious if I read it as if it's a sports result.

"Kings Lynn 37, Boston 9. Ooh bet that was a good game!"
Non stop hilarity guaranteed.

Just recently however, on my morning jaunt towards work in the Gadgie-mobile I have spied some graffiti that, is in a similar spirit to my own road sign silliness. After coming out of the junction at Swineshead

Bridge there's a sign informing travellers that they are currently 10 miles away from Sleaford. Some absolute wag has improved the sign massively by daubing just after the word "Sleaford" the word "**Mods**"! Such stunning wit! Such imagination! Brings forth a titter every single morning ... Comic ruddy genius.

NOISE REVIEWS

Alright punks you know the drill: I like noise, the kind that sounds like I am being attacked. Unbridled chaos and mayhem is where I am at home. If your band sounds like the end of the world I'm in.

Here is what I thought of the latest lot of atrocities committed to vinyl, tape, CD, 8 track, wax cylinder or whatever in the name of Punk Ruddy Rock:

First up are the wonderful, but hardly prolific **CAREER SUICIDE** who had the good grace to play a minuscule UK tour in the depths of

December which saw them call in at Sheffield's The Lughole on my birthday.

What a splendid idea. Carrying with them a pile



of "early" releases of their new "Machine Response" LP we were not only treated to an utterly blazing set but a sneak preview of the new album. What can I say? Raging early US hardcore for the now. Taking the Black Flag and co template but upping the ferocity to insane levels. Spitting out serrated riffs and a wildly possessed front man the new LP is so, so good. You should get it. Dan Colbourne will probably like **Career Suicide** you know? He was in Lincs Wrist band Mouth and now has resurfaced as the front man in **COOL JERKS** and was nice enough to hoy a tape of their demo in the post to me. A change of pace from his previous efforts, Dan and his cool jerks are trading in awkward, garage rocking punk. I can't help but think of Andy from Imbalance fronting the Shitty Limits. Naturally this is a good thing. I saw Andy from Imbalance, by the way, fronting **YOUNG CONSERVATIVES** recently. Don't worry they're not really conservatives and they certainly aren't young either. Look out for a new record by 'em soon. Also while I was at that very same gig, early on in the evening, well the

afternoon, I had the pleasure of catching a set by **NATTERERS** and bagging their imaginatively titled "Demo 16" tape. Lorks-a-lordy punks! These northern bat-fans are firmly ensconced in the position of my new favourite band and this wazzle little tape collection of four punk rock nuggets has had some right old hammer of late. I was encouraged to arrive early by Dale who suggested I may like this new Leeds bands who sound like early 80s LA type punk. The Adolescents were mentioned. I was excited. I like the Adolescents. They took to the stage at third or fourth on the bill to a barely busy room yet gave it some proper welly. Fronted by a young lass with a ferocious approach to the microphone they did indeed sound as if they were very big fans of the likes of Black Flag



and The Adolescents but I detected more of later 80s in to the early 90s UK sound.

Joyce McKinney Experience? Sofa Head? Dan? That sort of stuff with a bit of Poly Styrene fronting an urgent hardcore band feel. Saying all that, I read an interview where they

said they hadn't heard of half the bands they are likened too mind. Does that mean us zine folk are really old and need to update our reference points? Who knows? I love this tape and will be seeking out further Natterer gigs and releases and I suggest you do too. Go on then.



FLAT BACK FOUR were good friends of the IQ and Ste would often bring his troops over the Pennines to our punk rock outpost. A new seven track CD "Ste's Mum Calling" was delivered to Gadgie Towers one misty morning and lo and behold it's a raucous collection of super slick and melodic mayhem. The Flat Back Fours sound like one of those bands that rode the pop punk wave without trying to sound like nasally American teenagers. The name is as English as it gets but you'd probably file 'em between Bad Religion and Snuff. The little scamps. Another English institution in the more melodic field of the bogs and back rooms of UK punk are the wiggly wonders **WORM** who must be at least twenty years old now. Another line up change leaving

Danny as the only original wiggler but, it's business as usual. The "Creature From Another World" CD is a four tracker of fast, fast and faster ... well you know the drill by now, banging and crashing punk rock with a tune and Danny's distinctive vocals. Bit a b-movie/end of the world theme to the songs titles and art work. How apt in these dark days we are faced with ... It's not often I get sent stuff to review these days. It's more a case of listen to our album on bandcamp



or have a free download or stream or whatever.

As you well know, my IT skills stretch to just about using a calculator and Teletext so when summat arrives in ye olde post I'm rather taken with the idea. Scottish punks

THIRTEEN

took up the old ways and their new album is on the Gadgie turntable of death ... well their new CD is in the CD tray of erm, doom ...



anyway, it's a collection of 13 (naturally) shabbily melodic '77 throwbacks with a grizzly lost 7" sound. See 'em at Rebellion type gigs I imagine. **HERIDA PROFUNDA**, a Polish crust band, went the online way, and a

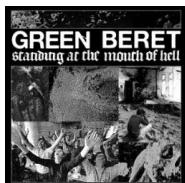


download of their latest self titled LP

was zipping through cyberspace to the Gadgie Towers iPod. After an ambienty, moody and I'll be honest, very intriguing intro - I'd love an album of that shit - it's head down and raging metallic crust punk. The mood is instantly blackened and apocalyptic as guitars slash out at any and everything, drums thunder and crash and a hellish vocal growl is thrown up from the bowels of some hideous place that I would not like to venture to. All the kids in Boston who loved Burning The prospect will cack their trolleys over this lot. A quick interweb search of their name suggests it translates as head wound as Wayne Rooney popped up with a massive gash on his bonce!

One of my favourite releases of late, and I'm not going to bang on about the ZX Spectrum game from days of

yore, honest, though I'm tempted, as **GREEN BERET**'s



long player is such a potent punch in the pods that there's absolutely no

need. It was without doubt a great game that I most certainly wasted many hours on but this LP is a belting slice of blunt as a head butt UK82 carnage. Aggressive and dense d-beat that isn't very nice. Who on earth wants nice d-beat though? Marvellous stuff.

Post punk seems to be "the thing" at the minute, and I myself, am a bit of a fan of wiry, angular and awkward stuff though I am now fully aware that I have used every word in the Reviewers Guide To Talking About Post Punk there with those three words. I recently caught a wonderful set in Lincoln by Lydon and co from PIL which, for me is the pinnacle of the genre, but there are far more new bands doing this stuff that warrant attention. If you've not listened to SIEVEHEAD's "Into The Blue" LP yet or caught them live you are sleeping on the UK's best band right now - get a

move on punk! It's frantic, it's urgent and it's absolutely magnificent. **SPECTRES**, from Canada, remind me of the same sorta racket but throw in more of a new wavey feel. Their LP entitled "Utopia" is a wondrous dive in to cold and dark goth damaged punk. A bit of Joy Division a bit of the afore mentioned Sievehead, this is gloriously gloomy gubbins and if whatever it's been called this month - Death Rock, Dark Punk, Cold Wave, Post Punk - sinks your boat then you need to have a go on this. Check out releases from **WOOLF** and **MYSTIC INSANE** while yer on. **PRIME TIME** are a mighty fine collective of raggy punk rock



misfits by the sound of it. Their first 7" was certainly a hit in Gadgie Towers alongside fellow Londoners **GOOD THROB** and the Slits hits of **FRAU**. Hurrah then for their second slab ("Going Places") which is equally, if not more, catchier than a really good Rounders player. Imagine if Elastica in the 90's were a grubby DIY band instead of trying to rip off a vault full of new wavey classics by the

Stranglers, Blondie, Wire et al ... I loved Elastica by the way ... well, that's about the best way I can describe **PRIME TIME**. DIY bedsit punk for today's mucky world. "Pervert" is pure filth in a good way.

Imminent Destruction Records are a particular favourite here in Gadgie Towers and can always be relied on to unleash utter chaos upon us with their continuing catalogue of crust carnage. The last three missives from their outpost have continued this fine tradition. Feast upon this lot punks!



First up is **POLIS-ACKEL** and their "Security Shutdown" 7". The Italian anarcho punks follow up their ten track demo with an equally ferocious eight track EP. Raw and angry with an air of nihilistic menace, Polis-Ackel set about ripping the shit out of these blazing nuggets with a furious energy and relatively crisp production. This gives it a powerful punch in the pods rather than the dense and barely penetrable noise assault the genre often seems to

engender. It reminds me a little of London's Split Veins along with the usual roll call of Scandinavian crust titans Skitlickers et al. Pretty searing stuff this is. Repeated spins will follow on these dark winter nights in the Thrash Dungeon of Gadgie Towers. More mayhem from Imminent Destruction was visited upon us in the form of **FRAGMENT** and their "Demo" 7" which was nowt but raw, apocalyptic d-beat mayhem ... well, that could be applied to about 50% of my record collection to be fair, but with this new "demo" 7" from the Canadian crushers it pretty much sums it all up perfectly. A swirling wall of chaotic feedback and distortion wrapped up in a denser than a UKIP voter wall of noise. No, not just a wall, we are talking a huge monolithic slab visible from space of noise. With a production that packs in everything so tightly, Fragment's first efforts in the studio capture a wild and intense devastating assault on the senses. Savage stuff that fans of Framtid and the like will be hurtling from a stage to in a dive bar you soon. Carnage. One more 7" plopped out of the punk

parcel that "Phil Destruction" had sent my way and it was **DIRTY WOMBS** and their "Wrecked Youth" EP. Well what a charming aesthetic that name conjures up eh? Dirty Wombs, on their latest platter, come out with a raging take on Burning Spirits style hardcore but with a twist: they hail from Greece not Japan. It took a few listens to be honest with you to get the hang of what was going on here as it is a strange hybrid of raging hardcore that harkens to the likes of Forward and other Japanese luminaries, along with a hefty dose of heads down Euro crust filth. On top of that, and just to confuse you, every so often, there's an absolutely maniacal guitar lick or moment of epic wig out that elevates this record to the status of ripsnorter. It took a few listens but I now consider this 7" ruddy marvellous.

In the summer I was fortunate to bump into Marco from Amsterdam thrashers Vitamin X and he was ever so excited about his new band. Having took up the guitar, he is head of shred in **OPEN WOUNDS** who have a new 12" out which follows a ripping demo. Not quite as serrated as

Vitamin X but very much in the same 80's punk park yet with a slice of melodic mayhem chucked in. Everywhere from Subhumans Canada and Articles



of Faith to Jerry's Kids or even Career Suicide comes hurtling outta the speakers

and wallops yer chops. Good stuff. I imagine they'll be touring the UK at some point and I'll be there shouting stupid and inane things at them. I'd like to think you will be too.

Talking of bands with a nod to 80's melodic punk, the fabulous **JADED EYES** from Leeds, who are made up of folk who have been in some of Gadgie's favourite bands of the last fifteen to twenty years, have unleashed their second long player on us, the punks. It's a ripsnorter too. "The Eternal Sea" has rather eerie, almost Lovecraftian artwork on the outside and Government Issue via Dag Nasty with a bit of Ruts to boot rippers on the inside. A massive improvement on the first LP - which was a goodie you know - this new 'un has smashing riffs aplenty and vocals that Steve dredges up

from his time fronting those saucy Sex Maniacs. Highly recommended, this CD spent many an hour in the car stereo on the way to footy, work and wherever else he Gadgiemobile took me.

I reckon if you search on line you can find all these records within ten seconds. Go on then.

ZINES

Zines are marvellous, zines are good, not every punk reads 'em, but every punk should.

Those nice folks at PREJUDICE ME (www.prejudiceme.co.uk) distro are so excited about the fact they've been at it - distroing punk records and zines to the kids of Manchester for five years - they decided to knock out a tape compiling their favourite bands they've encountered in this time along with a marvellous zine to accompany it. The tape is all over the shop - every



Page | 29

genre of DIY punk you can think of is covered and the zine is lovingly put together with the bands having chance to spout off within. **BURNT CROSS**, **HOLIDAY** and **THIS ENDS HERE** were the highlights in the Gadgie Towers Thrash Parlour but there's plenty more to dig in to. Zines! Tapes! Zoinks it's like the 90's all over again! You'll be telling me Power Violence is trendy once more next ...

Talking of the 90's **LOSERDOM** is back! I remember trading zines with the Loserdom brothers way back at the dawn of Gadgie but it's been yonks since a copy of their zine has winged it's way over from Ireland to our outpost of punkdom. #25 is a cracker with the primal punks Una Bestia Incontrolable, indie movie maker Graham Jones and stuff about the way the moronic human race fill our oceans with plastic. Plenty more fills these pages and it also came with a marvellous nostalgic one off(?) zine **CIRCA '91** which lovingly recounts tales of the Cork punk scene and Nirvana's pre mahoosive fame gig there at the dawn of the decade. Drop Anto a line for a copy of both at loserdomzine@gmail.com.

Fancy a slice of anarcho absurdity? **ONE WAY TICKET TO CUBESVILLE** is back and #20 is as idiosyncratic as always. TV Smith, 2 Sick Monkeys, Revenge of the Psychotronic Man and the omnipresent Petrol Girls are all grilled along with stuff about Kurt Cobain's stripy jumper and it's punk providence, the Spanish civil war and stupid conversations you over hear at work - shit, I could write a book on that - all add up to an eclectic and eccentric read. Shout at Rich who lives at cubesville@hotmail.com or find him on Facebook for your copy. Two other long running zine stalwarts of UK punk from darn sarf are **POSITIVE CREED** (positivecreed@gmail.com) and Basingstoke's **ISSUE** zine (issuepunkzine@hotmail.co.uk) who both put issues out at an alarming rate unlike the glacial pace of Gadgie's output. Positive Creed is a proper old school cut n paste affair covering all manner of bands - Sleaford Mods, Petrol Girls, Motorhead ... - as well as the usual slew of review. Issue is more like a diary of Neil's mammoth gig going efforts for which the

word prodigious is an understatement.

International zines appear less and less on my radar these days but Malaysia's **SMALL MAN** is always a welcome addition to the Thrash Parlour's coffee table. #6 details the goings on in the punk world out that way and contains many impassioned rants in English as a second language which is far better than I would be able to come up with outside of my native tongue! Reviews and interviews galore with bands you've never heard of but will want to track down. Track down your copy of this zine (and he's always up for trading loads of other punk and hardcore stuff) at azizigrindcore@gmail.com.

SEVEN INCHES TO FREEDOM from the USofA turned up via Mr Rum Lad recently and #13 is a mighty fine look at records, records and more records. Looking at bands you may have forgotten and reappraising why you should remember them this is a great read. Otophobia, Sound Like Shit and our very own Boxed In are all reconsidered as well as interviews with Viper Video who put out punk VHS tapes(!) and Cretins of Distortion plus more

punk rock than you can shake a two litre bottle of White Lightening at. Remind him of your favourite band nobody has ever heard of at this marvellous email address: hiszeroisgone@yahoo.com.

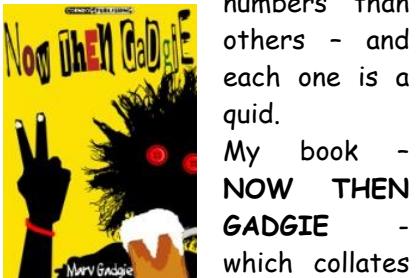
New UK efforts worthy of your lookage? Well there's **BREW FOR BREAKFAST** (apeshaverisen@hotmail.co.uk) which is a bit like the TNS zine of a few years back with interviews and thoughts/rants et al and James from The Domestics shouting duties is on his second issue of **PULL THE TRIGGER**. It's a glorious cut n paste throwback with all manner of crusty punk mayhem contained within - Jonah of Fucked Up/Career Suicide, Girl Power and more plus scathing political diatribes! Get in touch at kibourecords@hotmail.co.uk. There are obviously loads more zines out there ... ruddy 'eck, new **ARTCORE** just arrived with an Upright Citizens 7" ... marvellous.

There's a new **BLONDIE** LP out in May! Better put a picture of Debbie in here to remind me.



Want more?

There's plenty more where this lot came from punkers! I have a pile of back issues going back to issue 21 - some in greater numbers than others - and each one is a quid.



My book - **NOW THEN GADGIE** - which collates the Gadgie Greatest Hits in to one wonderful compendium of tomfoolery that sits by the bog in punk houses up and down the UK is also still available. A fiver a pop. It's quite good. Get in touch and we can sort stuff out - I'm always keen on trades.

... yet another hour or so of your life spent in my head. Sorry. Send pictures of Debbie Harry or horse riding apes bearing rifles to

nowthengadgie@hotmail.co.uk.

Find "**Gadgie Fanzine**" on Facebook and [@Marv Gadgie](https://twitter.com/Marv_Gadgie) on Twitter if yer all modern and shit. Punk innit.

Marv February Half Term 2017

